

# Poetry.

## WISHING.

Of all amusements for the mind,  
From logic down to fishing,  
There isn't one that you can find,  
So very cheap as "wishing!"  
A very choice diversion, too,  
If we but rightly use it,  
And not, as we are apt to do,  
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—  
My purse was somewhat fatter,  
That I might cheer the child of need,  
And not my pride to flatter;  
That I might make oppression reel,  
As only gold can make it,  
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,  
As only gold can break it.

I wish that Sympathy and Love  
And every human passion  
That has its origin above  
Would come and keep in fashion;  
That Scorn, and Jealousy and Hate,  
And every base emotion,  
Were buried fifty fathoms deep  
Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,  
And motives always pure;  
I wish the good were not so few,  
I wish the bad were fewer;  
I wish that persons never forgot  
To heed their plous teaching;  
I wish that practicing was not  
So different from preaching.

I wish that modest virtue might be  
Appraised with truth and candor;  
I wish that innocence were free  
From treachery or slander;  
I wish that men their vows would mind;  
That women never were rovers;  
I wish that wives were always kind,  
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,  
And every good ideal,  
May come, erewhile, throughout the earth,  
To be the glorious real;  
Till God shall every creature bless,  
With his supremest blessing,  
And hope be lost in happiness,  
And wishing be possessing.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE TREASURE.

A young girl and an old man were seated in a little attic, the furniture of which more than modest, but carefully preserved, revealed the efforts of a poverty which had not lost its self-respect. Order, taste and neatness gave to the poor chamber a sort of elegance. Every article was in its place, the bricks of the hearth had been carefully washed, the tapestry was unspotted, and the window adorned with little curtains of coarse muslin, on which numerous darts had formed a species of embroidery. Some pots of common flowers ornamented the sill of the half opened window, and perfumed the room with their sweet odors.

It was nearly sunset; a purple ray illumined the humble dwelling, lighting up the charming countenance of the young girl, and playing among the white locks of the old man. The latter was half reclining in an arm chair of rushes, which an industrious solicitude had adorned with cushions stuffed with tow, and covered with cloth. An old tabouret, stained with the blood of his hands, and his only remaining arm was resting on a little stand on which lay a pipe and a tobacco pouch embroidered with colored beads.

The old soldier had one of those bold and furrowed faces, in which frankness tempers rudeness. A gray moustache veiled the half-smile which dwelt upon his lips while his glance rested as if in abstraction on the young girl.

The latter might have been twenty years of age; she was a brunette with winning and changeable features, on which emotions were expressed by sudden and rapid transitions. Her clear countenance resembled those pure waters which reveal all that lies in their inmost depths. She was holding in her hands a newspaper, and reading to the old invalid; suddenly, she paused and listened.

"What is the matter?" said the old man.

"Nothing," replied the young girl, whose countenance expressed disappointment.

"You thought you heard Charles?" resumed the soldier.

"It is time," said the reader, blushing slightly; "his day's work must be ended, and it is the hour for his return."

"When he does return," finished Vincent, "in a tone of vexation."

Susanna was about to defend her cousin, but her judgment doubtless protested against this intention, for she stopped, embarrassed, then fell into a reverie.

The invalid passed his remaining hand over his moustache, and began to twist it impatiently; this was his habitual gesture in his fits of dissatisfaction.

"Our recruit plays a hard march," said he, at last; "he returns home sulky, he neglects his labor to frequent taverns and fetes—all this will end badly for him and for us."

"Do not say so, uncle," replied the young girl. "My cousin has lost his courage for labor, because, he says he has nothing to expect. He thinks he can never lay up anything, and that the most he can do is to live from day to day without anticipation and without hope."

"Ah, is that his plan?" returned the old man; "well, he has not the honor of inventing it. We had once a regiment of rascals who excused themselves from starting, on the plea that the route was too long, and who were lingering about the barracks, while their comrades were entering Madrid, Berlin and Vienna. Your cousin does not seem to know that by putting one foot before the other, the smallest feet can travel to Rome."

"Ah, if you could make him comprehend that!" said Susanna, with solicitude, "I have tried to persuade him that a good

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binder like himself could economize; but when I reach the sum total, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women do not understand calculating."

"And then you are in despair, poor girl," continued Vincent, with a mingling of tenderness in his tone; "I see why you so often have red eyes."

"Uncle, I assure you—"

"Why you forget to water your pretty flowers, and no longer sing."

"Uncle—"

Susanna, confused, cast down her eyes and rolled the corner of her newspaper. The invalid placed his hand on her head. "Do not think me scolding," he resumed, with a friendly smile; "it is very natural that you should be interested in Charles, who is now your cousin, and who will one day be, I hope—"

The young girl made a movement of impatience.

"Well, we will not talk about that," said the invalid. "But to return to this cousin for whom you have a friendship—that is the word—and who has also a friendship for you."

Susanna shook her head.

"That is to say he formerly had," said she; "but for some time past, if you knew how cold he is—how uninterested in everything at home."

"Yes," replied Vincent, pensively, "when one has tasted exciting amusements, household pleasures appear insipid; many of us have experienced this."

"But they have been cured," observed Susanna; "no Charles may be cured. It will perhaps suffice for you to speak to him, uncle."

The old man made a gesture of incredulity.

"These infirmities are not to be treated with words," replied he, "but with acts. Your cousin is wanting in will because he has no object in view; we must show him one which will renew his courage; but this is no trifling affair. I will think of it."

"This time it is he!" interrupted the young girl, who had recognized the rapid step of her cousin upon the stairs.

"Then silence in the ranks," said the invalid, "and resume your reading."

Susanna obeyed, but the trembling of her voice would have easily revealed her emotion to an attentive observer. While her eyes followed the printed lines, and her mouth mechanically pronounced the words, her ear and her thoughts were wholly with her cousin, who had just opened the door, and deposited his cap on the table in the middle of the room.

Authorized to silence by the non-interference of the reader, the young workman saluted neither his uncle nor his cousin, and, approaching the window, leaned upon it, with his arms folded.

Susanna continued without understanding what she was reading. After several announcements of thefts, fires and accidents, she came to the following article:

"A poor peddler of Besancon, named Pierre Lefevre, determined at any risk to make a fortune, conceived the idea of setting out for India, which he had heard cited as the country of gold and diamonds. He therefore sold the little he possessed, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as assistant cook in an American ship. Eighteen years rolled away without bringing any news of Pierre Lefevre; at last his parents received a letter announcing his approaching return; it informed them that the ex-peddler after inexpressible fatigues and unheard of reverses, had arrived in France, blind of one eye, and with but one arm, but proprietor of a fortune valued at two millions."

Charles, who had listened to this article with increasing attention, could not suppress an exclamation.

"Two millions!" repeated he, in amazement.

"That might serve to buy him a glass eye, and a wooden arm," observed the old soldier, ironically.

"Eighteen years of inexpressible fatigues!" repeated Susanna, emphasizing the expressions of the newspaper.

"What matters it, when there is a fortune at the end!" replied Charles with vivacity.

"So," resumed the young girl, raising her eyes timidly on her cousin, "you envy the fate of the peddler; you would give all your youth, one of your eyes, one of your hands—"

"For two millions!" interrupted Charles, "very certainly. You have but to find me a purchaser at that price, Susanna, and I will insure you a dowry for pin money."

The young girl turned away her head without replying; her heart was full, and a tear stood in her eye. Vincent too was silent; but he was twisting his moustache with a morose air.

There was a long silence: each of the three actors in this scene was pursuing a train of thought inwardly.

The sound of the clock striking eight roused Susanna from her pre-occupation. She hastily rose and prepared the table for the evening repast.

It was and short. Charles, who had passed the last third of the day at the tavern with his friends, would eat nothing, and Susanna had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honor to the frugal supper; for the experience of war had accustomed him to eat amid all emotions, but he was soon satisfied, and regained his cushioned armchair near the window.

After having arranged everything, Susanna, who felt the need of being alone, took a light, embraced the invalid,

and withdrew to the little room she occupied above. Vincent and the young mechanic found themselves alone together. The latter was also about to bid his uncle good night, when the old soldier beckoned to him to draw the bolt and approach.

"I have something to say to you," said he seriously.

Charles, who expected reproaches, remained standing before the old man, but the latter beckoned him to sit down.

"Are you capable of making a long effort to secure a fortune?" said he, looking fixedly at his nephew.

"I can you doubt it, uncle!" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"So you would consent to be patient, to labor industriously, to change your habits?"

"I'll do this would brook me anything. But why ask such questions?"

"You shall know," said the invalid, opening a drawer of a little commode, in which he kept the old papers lent him by one of the lodgers. He searched some time among the printed leaves, took one, opened it, and showed Charles an article marked with the nail.

The young mechanic read aloud:

"Application has just been made to the Spanish government, in reference to a deposit buried on the banks of the Duro, after the battle of the Salamanca. It appears that during this celebrated retreat, a company belonging to the first division, which was commissioned to guard several chests, was separated from the body of the army and surrounded by a force so superior, that the officer who commanded it, seeing that no hope remained of being able to escape the enemy, profited by the night to cause the chests to be buried by some soldiers in whom he had the most confidence; then, sure that no person could discover them, he ordered his little company to disperse, that each might attempt to escape singly through the enemy's ranks. Some did succeed in regaining the division; but the officer and men who knew the spot where the chests were buried perished in their flight. Now we are assured that these chests contained the money of the army, that is to say, a sum of about three millions."

Charles stopped and looked at the invalid, his eyes sparkling.

"Were you one of the company?" exclaimed he.

"I was," replied Vincent.

"You know of the existence of the deposit?"

"I was one of those commissioned by the captain to make it, and the only one among them that escaped the ball of the enemy."

"Then you could give indications, which would lead to find it," resumed Charles with vivacity.

"The more readily, that the captain made us observe, that we might recognize the spot, the line formed by two hills and a nook; I could discover the place as certainly as that of the bed in your room."

Charles sprang from his seat.

"But then your fortune is made," exclaimed he enthusiastically; "why have you not spoken of it? The French government would have accepted all your propositions."

"Perhaps so," said Vincent; "but in any case they would have been useless."

"How so?"

"Spain refused the authority solicited; see."

He handed to the young mechanic a second newspaper, which announced that the demand relative to a search for a deposit buried by the French in 1812, on the banks of the Duro, had been rejected by the government at Madrid.

"But what need of permission?" objected Charles; "where is the necessity of attempting officially a search which might be made in secret and in silence? Once on the spot, and the land purchased, who could hinder the search? Who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have thought of it often for thirty years," replied the soldier; "but where should we get the sum necessary for the journey and the purchase?"

"Can we not apply to some rich persons, and let them into the secret?"

"But how shall we induce them to believe it? and if chance should prevent success? If we should succeed, it might be like the fable you were reading the other day to your cousin, in which at the moment of division, the lion claimed the whole! It would then be necessary besides the fatigue of the journey, and the uncertainty, to contend with a law-suit. I have a pension of two hundred francs; that suffices for my maintenance—I have no desire for more."

"Then you will allow this opportunity to escape you," resumed Charles with feverish animation; "you refuse riches."

"For myself I do," replied the old man; "but for you it is another thing. I have just seen how ambitious you are; and that nothing will satisfy you but to be a millionaire. Well, collect the sum necessary for our journey, and I will start with you. Earn two thousand francs—at this I will give you a treasure."

"Agreed, uncle!" exclaimed Charles. "But how am I to get so much money? I can never earn it."

"Work courageously, and bring me your wages regularly each week. I promise that you shall have it."

"Remember, uncle, how small must be the savings of a mechanic."

"That is my concern."

"How many years will be necessary?"

"You just now offered eighteen with one eye and arm besides."

"Ah, if I was sure of it!"

"Of acquiring a treasure? I swear it to you on the ashes of the little Corporal!"

This was the grand oath of the soldier; Charles was compelled to regard the thing as serious. Vincent encouraged him anew, repeating that he had his future fortune in his own hands, and the young man retired, resolute to make every effort to succeed.

But the confidence of his uncle had awoke in him hopes too magnificent to allow of his sleeping. He passed the night in a sort of fever, calculating the means of earning sooner the sum which was needed, regulating the employment of his future wealth, and recalling one after another as realities, all the chimeras with which he had pleased himself heretofore with imagining.

When Susanna descended in the morning, he had already gone forth to his labor. Vincent, who saw the surprise of the young girl, shook his head smilingly, but said nothing; he had recommended secrecy to the young mechanic, and intended to keep it himself. It was desirable to see whether Charles would persevere in his new resolutions.

The first months were the most painful. The young binder had formed habits which he found it difficult to break; constant labor had become insupportable. It was necessary to renounce the capricious love of change which until then had alone guided his actions, overcome fatigue and repugnance, resist the solicitations of his former companions. This was, at first, a difficult task. His courage often failed; he was on the point of falling back into his former habits; but the importance of the object to be attained, re-animating him. As he brought the old soldier his wages, increasing from week to week, he experienced an impulse of hope which renewed his courage; it was but a little step towards the goal, but it was a step.

Every day the effort became easier. Man is like a vessel, whose sails are like the passions; deliver them up to the winds of the world, and a man is hurried on through every current and against every reef; but let them be trimmed by good sense, the navigation becomes less dangerous: cast the anchor of habit in the spot chosen, and you have no longer anything to fear.

So it happened to the young mechanic. In proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes assumed a new direction. The assiduity of labor during the day made the repose of the evening sweet; the relinquishment of boisterous companions gave a new charm to the company of his uncle and cousin. The latter had resumed her friendly familiarity. Entirely occupied with Vincent and Charles, she succeeded in transforming every interview into a fete, of which her heart paid all the expenses. There was each day some new surprise, some charming attention which strengthened the ties of affection. Charles was surprised to find in his cousin qualities and graces which he had never before taken time to notice. She became insensibly more necessary to him. Without his being aware of it, the object of his life became changed; the hopes of the treasure promised by Vincent, was no longer his only motive; he wished to deserve her approbation, to become dearer to her. The human soul is a sort of moral daguerreotype: surround it with images of order, of devotion, of courage; illuminate it with the sun of tenderness, and every image will be transformed and remain forever imprinted there. The life which Charles led, extinguished by degrees, his ardent ambition; he saw happiness more simple, more near; his paradise was no longer a fancy dream of the Thousand Nights, but a little spot peopled with attachments which he could enclose in his arms.

All this took place without his knowledge. The young mechanic yielded to the current of his nature, without seeking to study every wave which carried him thither. His transformation, visible to those who lived with him, had remained a secret to himself; he did not know he was changed; he only felt himself more tranquil, happier. The only novelty which he perceived in his sentiments, was his love for Susanna—henceforth he mingled her in all his projects, and could not view life without her. This element of happiness, introduced into his future, had modified all the rest. The millions, instead of being the principle object, were now only the means; he looked at them as an important addition, but accessory to his hopes; so he wished to know with certainty whether his love was returned.

He was one evening pacing the little attic while Vincent and his cousin were conversing beside the stove. Both were speaking of the first master of Charles, who, after thirty years of an honest and laborious life, had just sold his bindery, in order to retire to the country with his aged wife.

"There is a couple who have made for each other an earthly paradise," said the old soldier; "always of one mind, always good-tempered, always industrious."

"Yes," replied Susanna, earnestly; "the wealthiest might envy their lot."

Charles, who was at that moment near the young girl, suddenly stopped.

"So you would wish your husband to love you, Susanna?" asked he, looking at her.

"Certainly—if I can!"—replied the young girl, smiling and blushing a little.

"You can," replied Charles, with vivacity; "and for that you have but to say one word."

"What word, my cousin?" stammered Susanna, more disturbed.

"That you will consent to be my wife!" replied the young mechanic.

And, as he saw the movement of surprise and confusion of his cousin, he continued with respectful tenderness—

"O, do not be disturbed by this. Susanna; I have longed to ask you this question. I have waited, for a reason known to my uncle, but you see, it has escaped me in spite of myself. And now be frank with me—conceal not your feelings—our uncle is here to listen to us, and he will improve us if we speak amiss."

The young man had approached his cousin, and taken her hand in his own; his voice was tremulous, his eyes moist. Susanna, mute with joy, remained with downcast eyes, and the old soldier looked at both with a smile half tender, half ironical. At last he took the young girl and gently pushing her towards Charles, said gaily:

"Come, speak, sly one."

"Susanna, one single word!" resumed the young man, continuing to hold the hand of his cousin, "will you accept me for a husband?"

She concealed her face on his shoulder with an articulate "Yes."

"Come, then," exclaimed Vincent. "Your hands, my children, and embrace me. I leave you this evening for confidences, and to-morrow we will talk of business."

The next day he took his nephew aside and announced to him that the sum necessary for their journey was completed, and that they could set out for Spain whenever they pleased.

This intelligence which should have delighted Charles, gave him sorrowful emotions. He must then quit Susanna at the very moment when they were beginning to exchange the confidences of affection: incur all the chances of a long, difficult, uncertain journey, when it would have been so sweet to have remained—

"The young man almost cursed the millions which he must go so far to seek—

Since the interest of his life had changed, his desire for riches had singularly disappeared. Of what avail will gold be in the purchase of happiness?

Nevertheless, he said nothing of this to his uncle, and declared that he was ready. The old soldier undertook the preparations; he went out for this purpose several days in succession, accompanied by Susanna, at least he announced to Charles that nothing remained but to secure their places in the diligence.

The young girl was absent; he requested his nephew to accompany him for this purpose, and as the fatigues experienced for some days past rendered his wounds painful, he entered a coach with him.

In one of his expeditions, Vincent had taken care to procure the journals which had spoken of the famous deposit found on the banks of the Duro; when he found himself alone with Charles, he handed them to him, requested him to ascertain whether they conveyed any information which might be useful to them.

The young man saw first the details which he already knew, then the announcement of the refusal of the Spanish government, finally, the narrative of some unsuccessful searches made by merchants of Barcelona; he thought he had read all the documents, when his glance fell on a letter signed by a certain Pierre Dufour.

"Pierre Dufour," repeated Vincent; "it was the name of the quarter-master of the company."

"Such is in fact, the title he takes," replied Charles.

"I thought the brave man was in the other world. Let us see what he has to say as he was the confident of the captain."

Instead of replying, Charles uttered an exclamation. He had just glanced at the letter and changed countenance.

"Well, what is the matter?" asked Vincent, tranquilly.

"What is the matter?" repeated the young mechanic; "if what this Dufour says is true the journey is useless."

"Why?"

"Because the chests were not filled with money, but with powder."

Vincent looked at his nephew and burst into a laugh.

"Ah, it was powder," exclaimed he, and for that reason before burying them, they took some cartridges from them."

"You know it, interrupted Charles."

"Since I saw it," replied the old man good naturedly.

"But then you have deceived me," exclaimed the young man; "you could not have believed in the existence of buried millions, and your promise was a jest."

"It was a reality," replied the soldier, seriously; "I promised you a treasure, you shall have it, only we need not go to Spain in search of it."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall know."

The carriage had just stopped before the shop; the two travelers descended and entered it. Charles recognized the bindery of his former master, but repaired and repainted and furnished with all the necessary tools. He was about to demand an explanation of what he saw, when his eyes fell on the name of the proprietor engraved in letters of gold over the counter; it was his own name. At the same instant, the door of the back-shop opened; he perceived a bright fire, a table set, and Susanna, who smilingly invited him to enter.

Vincent bent towards him, and seizing his hand, said:

"Here is the treasure which I promised you: a good occupation which will secure your subsistence, and a good wife who will render you happy. All you see here has been earned by you, and belongs to you. Do not regret that I deceived you: you would not drink of happiness; I have done like the nurses, who rub with honey, the cup repulsed by the child. Now you know where the happy life is, and have tasted it, I hope you will refuse it no longer."

Charles did not refuse: he was too happy.

ALL COSMOPOLITES.—How near all the world is to every where to be sure! Wagons labeled "Australia" most express for "California and Oregon," ships are up within five minutes' walk, for all the ports in Christendom, and some in Heathendom. Chinese are selling "smokes," and Indians beads and buckskins, on the corners, while an Italian, hard by, grinds off on an asthmatical musical mill, "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine."

One meets a man on Broadway right from Astoria, and lo! another, with a carpet-bag in his hand, is just walking the plank, en route for the China Sea.

No matter where you live; a locomotive's whistle will scare you up, or a telegraphic nerve give a twinge or two in your behalf. Humanity, now-a-days, is undergoing a grand process of triuration. Such a rounding off of angularities: such an assimilation of heterogeneous elements, never seen before since the world began. We saw a friend yesterday from Penbina. To get here he has ridden a mule, paddled a canoe, driven a dog-team, taken passage in a steamer, rocked in a coach, and ridden on a Rail. His bill of fare included pemmican and frogs; fish from St. Anthony, and fruit from St. Louis; buffalo-tongues from Independence, and oysters from Rock Bay. He had slept on the ground and upon blankets; on mattresses, and the soft side of a plank; on feathers and deer skins. He had paid his fare in blue beads and bank bills, poultry and peltry, buffalo-ropes and bullion. He had gurgled Indian, smattered Spanish, limped French; and talked English; and here he was, looking for all the world like one to the manor born, the skirts of his coat of legal longitude, his boots of veritable leather, and his cranium respectfully tilted. He had become a cosmopolite. We are all becoming cosmopolites.—Tribune.

FATES OF THE APOSTLES.—The following brief history of the fates of the Apostles may be new to those whose reading has not been so evangelical as to know that:

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword in the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil in Rome, and escaped death! He afterwards died a natural death in Ephesus, Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less, was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coramandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was stoned to death by the Jews at Salenia.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

GREAT MEN, HOW FALLEN!—Some days ago, there were taken to the tombs, in New York, while in beastly intoxication, a lawyer who had been somewhat distinguished in his profession—a historian, the author of a standard work—an editor, once talented and of great respectability—and lastly, a clergyman, a man of refined manners, and highly educated. The lawyer was let off the next morning, on promise of better behavior; the historian succeeded in getting his liberty, to get drunk again in the morning following; the editor was sent to the Alms House; and the clergyman, at the date of our information, still remained in duress. What an example this of the leveling power of strong drinks! Truly, 'it spares not the high nor the humble.'

A sick man slightly convalescing, recently remarks the Greenup Record, imagined himself to be in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking him who his physician was. He replied, "Dr. Friend, God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well," he replied, "maybe he did, but I am certain that the doctor will charge me for it!"

## THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes, he comes, the Frost Spirit comes!  
You may trundle him away now,  
On the naked winds and blasted fields,  
And the brown hills' withered brow,  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees,  
Where their pleasant green once burst,  
And the winds that follow whir over his path,  
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!  
From the frozen Labrador;  
From the icy bridge of the northern sea,  
Where the whil to bear wanders o'er;  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,  
And the luckless forms below,  
In the useless cold of the atmosphere,  
Into marble statues grow.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!  
Let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor fire  
His evil power away;  
And gather the circle closer round,  
When the frost-dance comes,  
And laugh at the shrill of the belled wind,  
As his sounding wing goes by.

Puns.—Hood had a way of perpetrating puns peculiar to himself. He never descended to quibbling, to mere play upon syllables, but traversed a whole sentiment, and gave a double meaning, not only to language, but to ideas conveyed in that language. What can be better than his description of Ben Bullis, in the conflict—

"That cannon-ball took off his legs,  
And he laid down his arms."

Or that doleful announcement after his death, when

"They went and told the Sexton,  
And the Sexton tolled the bell."

APPROPRIATE GIFTS.—The Newark Advertiser has a very sensible article upon the exercise of due discrimination in the selection of presents. It says "the act implies a state equal to the composition of a sonnet, and a prudence sufficiently to qualify the donor to be a secretary of finance."

A robber in a hotel in Halifax, the other day, was found kneeling at a trunk in the room of a boarder, and on being discovered said he was at his prayers, and begged not to be interrupted. He was positively left to finish his devotions and decamped with his booty.

A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that taken in great quantities it always made him fat.

"I have seen the time," said another "when it made you lean."

"When?" asked the eulogist.

"Last night—against a wall."

A fellow coming from the top of the Alleghenies to New York, in winter, was asked whether it was so cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at the thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."

A rough Kentuckian hearing a child squall very loud and furiously, remarked, "how wickedly that small sample of mankind is swearing now, in the infantile vernacular! What will it come to when it is educated!"

Drawing teeth and drawing conclusion are not a great ways apart, after all, since one comes from the brains, and the other from the jaw. People always stir the molar when they think, and always think when they lose a molar.

Get rich, if you want your talent appreciated! Who ever, in these days, has nothing more than modesty and talent, has a slim capital, and must burst. If you are not blessed with a rich father, patronize savings banks, young man.

A correspondent tells of a lazy genius up his way, who, being asked when he lay sunning himself on a grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow, that's got a cough."

"Cute chap, that."

A cotemporary, after the most laborious research, says that the navy of Mexico consists of two snacks and a raft—the former mounted with twelve mariners, and the latter with a hen-coop.

In the South when the trains get within ten miles of the station where dinner is to be served, the passengers leave the train and walk to the station, so as to get through dinner by the time the cars arrive.

A lawyer on his death bed, willed his whole property to the lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half as hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

In fighting with the night police, always recollect "that clubs are trumps."

If a Miss is as good as a smile, what is a Madam good for?

For a longer sometimes.

The Statesman who rose to a point of order has since come down on the Speaker's heels.

The man who "borrowed trouble" has returned it, without any expression of thanks.

The only fair quality about some women, is their looks, and these often destroyed by the wash-bowl.